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Contents

The Week 291

Editorials

The Lesson of Siberia..... 294
What the Farmers Can Really Do..... 296
The St. Lawrence Project..... 298

General Articles

Ireland's Rôle in the British Empire.....
.....Charles Thomas Hallinan 301
The Senate, Selected.....X. Y. 303
Benedict XV and the New Age.....
.....Arthur Livingston 305
Lincoln's "Pass-Key to Hearts"..Ida M. Tarbell 307
The Threshold.....I. Turgenieff 309
The Mountain Man.....Stark Young 309
Return (Verse).....Babette Deutsch 310

Reviews of Books

Edwin Arlington Robinson..Herbert S. Gorman 311
The Manhood of Humanity....Robert H. Lowie 313
Deadlock .....Una Hunt 313
Silhouettes Crépusculaires.....Barry Cerf 314

Selected Current Books..... 316

The Week

PRESIDENT HARDING is still hesitating in public whether or not he ought to send an American delegate to the Genoa Conference; but we doubt whether the placid waters of his mind are actually ruffled by doubts as to his final decision. He wishes to send an American representative to Genoa; but he sees the advantage also of being a little coy about accepting the invitation. He rather likes to have that element in American public opinion which insists upon official participation in European affairs on all occasions and on any terms bring pressure to bear upon him to accept. For in that event he can pretend in accepting to act as the instrument of a dominant public opinion. But the chief object of his apparent indecision is to induce the French government not to limit the deliberations of the Conference by so many and such drastic reservations. If France refuses to have the Treaty of Versailles and reparations discussed at a congress which is supposed to begin the reconstruction of Europe, it would be a questionable act for the American or any other sane government to send a representative to the Congress.

THE Americans who favor a renewal of American intervention in European politics would undoubtedly do well to exhibit more discrimination in their agitation for a policy of action. They have always emphasized the desirability of American intervention on any terms rather than the desirability of adapting and, if necessary, limiting the scope of American participation in order to make it serve American as well as European national interests. Before we entered the war they agitated for the abandonment of American neutrality without paying any attention to the need of first insisting, as a condition, upon the acceptance by the Allies of a formulation of war aims whose embodiment in a treaty would diminish the probability of a future repetition of American military intervention in Europe. So now they ask their country to assume an unlimited liability for the welfare of Europe without stipulating that Europe should first consent to those political and economic reforms which would qualify it to demand rating as a good risk. The question whether the American government does or does not send a representative to Genoa is of smaller importance than the question of the policy which he advocates after he gets there. It is also of less importance than the question of the ability of the American government to trade against its participation the abandonment by France and others of the obvious and flagrant obstacles to the accomplishment by the Conference of an amelioration of European difficulties.

THERE are good reasons and bad ones on both sides of the question of American representation at the Genoa Conference. But the worst reason on either side is given by Mr. Gompers. "I am convinced," he declares in the World, "it would be a most serious mistake for America to be represented at the proposed Genoa Conference if Soviet representatives are to be seated. Such a course would amount to recognition of the Soviet dictatorship, to which the United States has up to this time been consistently opposed as a matter of prin-

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ciple, and which attitude the American Federation of Labor has stoutly supported." It is nonsense to say that such a course would amount to recognition. We are already doing business with the Soviet government in carrying on relief. We have not had to recognize the Soviet government for that reason, nor shall we need to do it in order to discuss with it what it proposes to do to make relief unnecessary next year. That is in effect what will be discussed with Russia at Genoa. Those who are so panicky about what will happen if American representatives meet members of the Soviet government face to face reveal the essential weakness of their position. Mr. Gompers formed his ideas at a time when the American people were abysmally ignorant of what was going on in Russia, and were gulled by every fable of counter-revolutionary propaganda. He feels that he has to be consistent. He can be consistent with perfect honesty so long as he maintains his virginal ignorance about Russia. If he were to let that go, where might he not end?

PROBABLY the Washington Conference will not adjourn without reaching some settlement about Shantung, but it will go hard both with the Chinese delegation and with the administration if it turns out that the Chinese had to accept a disadvantageous compromise as the result of American pressure. It is bad enough to force the Chinese delegation to bargain for the restitution of Chinese economic and political assets to which on any equitable ground they have a clear title. There is only one aspect of the Shantung question which could fairly be considered the subject for a bargain. The Japanese spent money and lost men in capturing Tsing-Tao and they were entitled to some indemnity for the performance of this service to China. Its amount was a matter for negotiation. But the Japanese attempt to use the presence of their military forces in Shantung as an excuse for obtaining special economic and political privileges in that province was sheer piracy. The Chinese were justified in resisting to the very utmost and if the Harding administration has done anything to weaken this resistance it will only repeat one of the least excusable and most costly mistakes of the Wilson administration.

IN a letter addressed to President Harding and Congress John Brophy and others, representing District No. 2 of the United Mine Workers of America have presented certain ugly facts for consideration and asked certain troublesome questions. The miners in this district have averaged only from one to three days of work a week for nearly a year. In thousands of cases actual want confronts their families and in thousands of other cases they lack common necessities, let alone any approach to an American standard of living. What is true of these 43,000 miners is true of half a million more miners in union and non-union fields alike. The managers of the coal industry have shown themselves indifferent to the need of relief and helpless to plan it. "Nursing their unconscionable war profits and watching only for rising prices," says Mr. Brophy, "they answer all our efforts for betterment with calls for reduced wages." Yet in the unorganized steel industry wages have been slashed 40, 50, and even 60 percent without resulting in an increased demand for steel. He insists that in an industry which all agree is the most wastefully operated basic industry in the country a policy of trying to better conditions "by taking it out on labor" is no policy at all. Conditions have become worse in District No. 2 since the President's Unemployment Conference. Not a single measure of local relief, proposed by that Conference, has been adopted in the whole vast district in which the miners are waiting for work. Such being the facts, Mr. Brophy asks certain questions which are difficult to answer. Is the government indifferent to the plight of the miners and helpless to evolve any plan for their relief? Is there any government agency to which facts can be presented or which is qualified to collect them? Is the government ever aroused to the necessity of action until the miners in desperation fall back on a strike as their only means of protest and their only chance of having their condition considered? Finally, if the government is itself barren of plans, should it not take steps to consider fairly and fully the miners' own proposals? Are they not under the circumstances entitled at least to a thorough-going investigation?

BEFORE the war European finance ministers, usually struggling with deficits, cast envious eyes upon the position of the American treasury authorities who had only to put out their hands and rake in what revenues they required, and to spare. But our venture in world affairs has changed all that. We are now in a condition where our irreducible expenditures absorb all the revenues we can raise even by a system of taxes burdensome beyond anything in our experience. Secretary Mellon's letter on the bonus makes this clear. The administration has tried hard to save money. It has employed Mr. Dawes to go through the departments with ruthless shears, and it has cut drastically into naval expenditures. But we are still faced by a

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deficit of $300,000,000 in the next year and a half. Indeed, unless we regain our economic prosperity the deficit is likely to be much greater. That is something the legislators ought to think about deeply before they saddle us with the additional charge of a soldiers' bonus. We shall have to find new taxes, and almost certainly taxes more burdensome and unpopular than any we have. The ex-soldier vote is formidable, but how about the taxpayer vote?

PRESIDENT HOWARD of the Farm Bureau Federation must surely know that there is a widespread suspicion that the Federation has never wholly shaken off its early business associations or become honestly representative of the interests of all the farmers, poor as well as prosperous. It is suspected that the Federation is designed to split off the richer famers from their poorer and less influential colleagues, and to constitute a rural privileged class which may be counted on to join the chambers of commerce and other business men's associations in fighting organized labor as well as any genuine farmers' movement. We do not assert that there is ground for this suspicion; we merely point to the fact that it exists, and to the further fact that Mr. Howard helps to deepen it when he speaks triumphantly of the "farmers' demand that both capital and labor must share alike in the readjustments that have already hit agriculture." The farmers are justified in demanding that industrial prices should be brought down until they stand in a fair relation to agricultural prices. How the loss entailed shall be shared between labor and capital, whether equally or in any other proportion, is no direct concern of the farmers. For the farmers to mix up in the matter is to play into the hands of the industrial interests that are proclaiming the necessity of "liquidating wages," when there would be little necessity for liquidating wages if the interests would undertake energetically to do a real job of clearing out the waste for which their bad management is responsible.

WE hear a great deal about the undesirability of the interference by the government in business, but how can any government whose policy is controlled by interest in the public welfare refrain from constant interference in business? Private business when left to its own devices is prone to take any risk in respect to the public welfare provided the risk is sufficiently profitable. There is no other explanation which accounts for such incidents as the collapse of the Knickerbocker Theatre in Washington. The load of snow under which the roof fell in was unusual, but it was an obvious possibility against which everyone but the owner of a building who was demoralized by cupidity would take infallible precautions. Yet there was some man connected with the building of the Knickerbocker Theatre who made money out of its flimsy construction. The trouble is not that the government interferes with business, but that its interference is so often rendered worse than useless through the corruption by business men of the government's agents. A social mechanism as elaborate, as delicately balanced and as dependent upon the conscientious cooperation of its parts as the civilization of today, cannot continue to derive the motive power for its pervasive economic activity from cupidity. It will have to seek some more disinterested motivation or perish. The industrial democracies are trying and trying in vain to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

THE German note to the Reparations Commission will naturally be denounced in France as a masterpiece of evasion and trickery. It is nothing of the kind, but a reasonably straightforward account of what Germany has done and means to do in the current year to meet the obligations imposed upon her. The note points out that the direct taxes of Germany are as heavy as they can be made with any reasonable expectation of collection, which is probably true. Indirect taxes are also heavy. The tax on the turnover has been increased from one and a half percent to two percent—a business tax which we should find rather staggering. Customs duties have been increased, and there are all manner of excises. The food subsidies will amount to a billion marks—an insignificant item in a budget with a revenue of 103 billions and an expenditure of 86 billions. On this showing, Germany is reforming herself, fiscally. But no fiscal reform produces the foreign credits in which indemnity charges can be paid. Germany can tax all she pleases, but what she will get is only paper current in Germany. To make indemnity payments she will have to transform the paper into export commodities. The Wirth government does not see how this can be done to the extent of supplying 720,000,000 marks in cash as well as 1,450,000,000 in kind, as the Cannes settlement requires. And with international commercial conditions as they are, it probably can not be done, unless the policy of the Allies is changed and Germany is given a chance of recovery that will enable her to borrow the cash required.

REAL estate operators are not all pleased by Mr. Untermyer's project for securing the co-

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operation of financiers, builders, material men and organized labor for an extensive scheme of low priced housing. If the project goes through, there will necessarily be an easing up of the demand for apartments which has turned every rookery into a gold mine. Moreover, if the project is a financial success, as it is pretty sure to be, it is likely to be followed by other projects affecting the supply of dwellings of a higher grade. It must, however, be evident to real estate operators that some solution for the housing problem had to be found. Ordinary private enterprise is no longer able to meet the requirement of furnishing satisfactory housing within the means of the average workingman. Possibly the need can be met in some such way as Mr. Untermyer has devised. If this fails the municipalities themselves will have to undertake the supplying of housing. And once we start on that road a good many things will happen that the real estate operators will not like. For one thing, municipal housing cannot be carried far before the city population learns thoroughly what a huge obstacle to improvement is presented by the unearned increment of land values. In Europe municipal housing and the movement for taxing land values have gone hand in hand. That is not a fortuitous circumstance.

FIRE insurance, like life insurance, is a business in which the interest of the public is paramount. Those who engage in it are not morally free to make just as much out of it as they can, giving no more than they can help for the money they extract from the insured. Whatever the legal form of an insurance business, the economic essence of it is a cooperative association of the insured for the purpose of distributing losses. The officers of an insurance company are properly trustees for the policy holders, and ought to comport themselves accordingly. In the life insurance business they do. That is not the case in the fire insurance business, if we may take as typical the attitude of witnesses before the Lockwood Committee. They have been investing the company funds in stocks of fluctuating value, and have lost millions by it. That, they assert, is nobody's business but their own, so long as they remain solvent. They repudiate the suggestion that they ought to invest part of their resources in real estate mortgages, which are not only more secure than stocks, but yield a better income. They intend to fight any legislative measure designed to make them do it. We think that the sooner the fight is started, the better. The abuse of speculating insurance companies has endured too long.

The Lesson of Siberia

THE net result of the deliberations of the Washington Conference about the Japanese occupation of Siberia is unsatisfactory, disquieting and even somewhat humiliating for the American government. Ambassador Shidehara speaking for Japan did, indeed, renew an earlier promise to evacuate Russian territory which Secretary Hughes interpreted as meaning that Japan will not "impair the rights of the Russian people in any respect or obtain any unfair commercial advantage or absorb for her own use the Siberian fisheries or set up an exclusive exploitation of either the resources of Sakhalin or of the Maritime Provinces." But the Japanese government definitely declined to name any date for the ending of the Japanese occupation and insisted on remaining sole judge of its extent and its duration. Yet the American government had already protested in May of last year against the continued presence of Japanese troops on Siberian soil. It did not recognize the force of the Japanese excuses for the failure to evacuate. It had accused Japan of avoiding "the scrupulous fulfillment of the assurances given to the Russian people." It had, that is, clearly expressed its dissatisfaction with the Japanese behavior, and in spite of the attempt by Mr. Hughes to endow the new Japanese declaration with the solemnity of a sacred and binding obligation, he was obviously making the best of a bad business. The two governments are as far as ever from any "identity of views" on this crucial question.

What is the meaning of this disagreeable and sinister incident? How serious is the difference of opinion between the two governments? How much does the Japanese promise, even when "spread upon the record" of an international conference prophesy in the way of performance? If the Japanese persist in the occupation, what can an American government which has accepted the limitation of naval armaments do about it?

In our opinion the difference of opinion between the two governments may well prove to be troublesome. The Japanese promise to withdraw means what it says. Japan will evacuate Siberia whenever in the opinion of a few men in Tokio it suits their interests to withdraw. It may suit the interests of these men or their successors to order the withdrawal in six months or six years or six decades. It depends upon whether in the meantime the world does or does not become a place in which honesty is the best international policy. The Japanese government wishes to keep the opportunity open of playing the game both ways. If

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the prevailing standard of international conduct improves and the military occupation of foreign soil in defiance of the will of its inhabitants becomes disreputable and costly, the Japanese government will at some convenient time and for a price redeem its promise and withdraw its troops. But if the world continues to be a place in which a small ruling class can dispose of the military and economic resources of great peoples for the purpose of exploiting and oppressing other peoples, then the Japanese troops will remain in Siberia until the Siberian people are powerful enough to drive them out.

That the Russian inhabitants of Siberia will eventually force the Japanese troops to withdraw we fully believe, but what in the meantime can the American government do to accelerate the withdrawal? It possesses, as the State Department acknowledges, a special responsibility for the original invasion of Siberia in August, 1918, and it cannot ignore its explicit promises to the Russion people as easily and conveniently as it overlooked its promises to the former Korean government. Yet it has already debarred itself either from exerting force or from threatening to exert force for the purpose of getting the Japanese out. The agreed limitation about the building of capital ships entrusts Japan with the naval and inferentially with the military control of the western Pacific waters, islands and maritime provinces. The British and American fleets acting together might render the Japanese domination of this region insecure, but in the absence of a foreign naval base within 1,500 miles from Yokohama, the Japanese fleet, inferior as it would be in tonnage, could prevent the blockade of Japan and keep open lines of communication with Japanese troops on the mainland. Any pressure which the American government can bring to bear on Japan to evacuate Siberia must be political and economic rather than naval or military. Should such pressure be exerted and what form should it take?

In our opinion it should certainly be exerted. Quite apart from the special American responsibility for the presence of Japanese troops in Siberia, the naval agreement and the Four Power Treaty clearly increase rather than diminish the obligation which the American government has in the past partially assumed for the welfare of the Eastern Asiatic peoples. The disadvantage of agreements to limit armaments or to enter into partial political partnerships with other nations is that such contracts tend to convert the more disinterested parties to the bargain into the accomplices of the less disinterested. This disadvantage exists in reference to the political and military status in the Far East which the Washington Conference proposes to create. The restricted membership of the Four Power Treaty makes this drawback very real and very grave. China and Siberia, which are the victims of imperialist aggression, are excluded from the Far Eastern concert. The other four governments do not propose for the present to ask the consent of the Chinese and the Siberian peoples about the kind of government which shall prevail in the Far East. They all of them, the United States excepted, have in the past played the part either of aggressors or as the accomplices of aggressors. But the exclusion of the victims from the concert with the consent of the American government only emphasizes and clarifies the obligation of the United States. As long as America proposes to enter a limited partnership whose joint policy will naturally tend to protect existing encroachments and abuses, our government is more than ever bound to remain true to its traditional attitude and itself to take up the cudgels for the disfranchised governments and the violated peoples.

So far as Siberia is concerned, there is one obvious and effective way of rendering the Japanese occupation of the Maritime Provinces less secure. The President can recognize the Far Eastern Republic. The recognition in Washington of the Chita government would enormously increase its prestige, discourage its enemies and help it to organize and equip the Siberian people in opposition to Japanese occupation. So far as we can make out, the objections to recognition which have hitherto prevailed derive less from the character and the source of its authority than from the fact of its being an independent government set up on Russian soil which is friendly rather than hostile to the Soviet government. But scruples of this kind are of small importance compared to the advantage of giving to the Siberian people a better chance to assert their independence. The Chita government differs from the Moscow government in that it has at least gone through the form of basing its authority on a popular mandate. It seems really to represent a combination of those local assemblies which form the political substance of a pioneer agrarian community. Its present weakness is due chiefly to the difficulty of centralizing the government of a sparsely settled country of vast distances which is distracted by so many years of war and revolution. Recognition might supply it with the needed self-confidence and authority.

It is time for the American government to give the Russian and Siberian peoples credit for some ability to find a way for themselves out of their difficulties. American statesmen beginning with Mr. Wilson have professed to act as trustees for the interests of the Russian nation, but like most trustees they have too consistently treated their ward as if he was incompetent and too benighted

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to know what was good for him. The sooner the United States either resigns its self-assumed office as trustee or uses it to help the Russian people to rescue themselves, the sooner they will regain possession of their own territory and whatever ability they have to determine their own destiny.

Unfortunately the American attitude towards Siberia is still cursed by a baleful legacy from the policy of invasion to which the American government consented in August, 1918. At that time both the State Department and the War Department were opposed to the Siberian expedition and, as the event has since proved, they were rightly opposed. The expedition was a military mistake and a political outrage. But President Wilson finally acquiesced on the erroneous assumption that by participating in it he could control it; and he justified his backsliding to his own conscience by interpreting the expedition as an act of disinterested devotion to the welfare of the Siberians. But he never controlled it for one moment. Instead of contributing to the defeat of Germany and the welfare of Siberia, it rapidly degenerated into a conspiracy among the reactionary Russians, the Japanese and the French and British contingents to override the will and to ravage the country of the Siberian people. It enabled Russian counter-revolutionists with the assistance of the French and British military missions to set up the Kolchak government which was rotten to the core, which brought untold woe on the country and which was execrated by its inhabitants. It gave the Japanese a chance to occupy the Maritime Provinces and provoke as a consequence of the occupation a condition of disorder which the Japanese government now alleges as a sufficient excuse for remaining. The American army did not participate in these outrages, but it did not and could not prevent them. Our government, in spite of its high and mighty promise to protect the welfare of Siberia, was really accessory to the whole detestable business. If the American government had not consented, the expedition would probably not have occurred and the Siberian people would have been spared the carnage, the suffering and the exploitation of the last four years.

In so far as the American government is a trustee for the welfare of Siberia, it has shamefully neglected the interests of its ward. If any private trustee had behaved as badly and allowed selfish conspirators to wreck its ward's happiness as America has allowed her partners in the Siberian invasion to wreck the happiness of Siberia, the court would remove him from office and the new trustee would probably bring suit against him for damages. We have stood by and allowed an innocent and helpless people to become the victims of a nefarious outrage, yet when they begin to recover and ask the American government for the kind of recognition which may enable them to organize an effective resistance to their oppressors, the State Department treats them as if they were unworthy of confidence. Perhaps they are. After the anarchy and oppression of the past few years, it is not easy to bring back social order to a wounded and suffering people and focus the recovery in a trustworthy government. But the State Department when dealing with a country in the predicament of Siberia, should be willing to risk a great deal on the chance. One way to make a government trustworthy and responsible is to trust it. What Siberians need is less tutelage from Americans and Japanese and more opportunity to control their own lives. That opportunity will appear and increase just in so far as they are allowed to justify themselves as a political community. They should obtain it from this country as some slight expiation for the wrongs which during the past few years the American government has permitted its partners in the Four Power Treaty to inflict on them.

What the Farmers Can Really Do

ONE thing is agreed on: American agriculture is sick. Its pulse is bad, its blood count low, its mood is dispirited and dejected. But what the malady really is—alas, there the doctors assembled in consultation at Washington were in violent disagreement. One maintained that the trouble began with the banks and the enforced deflation of agricultural prices. Another insisted that the railways were to blame, a third, the middlemen. The war and the peace were two other obvious sources of infection. A similar diversity of opinion prevailed as to the cure. Let the government fix the prices of staples. Let the government build warehouses and hold the staples until the world came to our terms, in the meantime placing credits at the disposal of those who deposit the staples. Let a drastic import duty be levied upon agricultural products. Let the railways be forced to cut rates, making up their deficit, if necessary, out of government grants, and let the banks be forced to loosen up on loans to farmers.

From this turmoil of the practitioners, we may wisely turn to the physiology of the industry. Everybody, we suppose, understands that agriculture in this country is still fundamentally an export industry. We can not consume all the wheat

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we raise, nor all the corn and animal products based on corn. Still less can we consume our entire production of tobacco and cotton. There are, to be sure, numerous lesser agricultural products that rely exclusively, or almost exclusively, on domestic consumption for their markets. Such are the products of the dairy, the poultry yards, the market garden, the orchard. But wheat and corn and meat, cotton and tobacco, are the great staples that give the tone to agriculture as a whole. When the prices of these staples slump, the prices of the rest are likely to come down too. The explanation is a roundabout one. The fall in staples reduces agricultural purchasing power, and that in turn inflicts loss upon all the merchants who handle the products a prosperous agriculture consumes, and upon the manufacturers who supply the products. Unemployment supervenes, and the ability of the city population to pay for dairy products and eggs, fruit and vegetables, shrinks. Sooner or later the whole agricultural population feels the effect of the depression in the great export branches.

Whatever may be said by the learned doctors—each bent on the sale of his proper nostrum—a consideration of the physiology of agriculture points directly to its relation with the European demand. Now, everybody knows what is the matter with that demand. All Europe is hungry. But Europe can't buy, because the means of payment are not forthcoming. It is almost superfluous to point out that the farmers themselves can do something to remedy this condition. Through the agricultural bloc they are in a position, if they choose, to control the foreign policy of the nation. They could force the Harding administration to do what it would probably like to do, but, for lack of agricultural support does not dare to do—use the power America has as a creditor nation to force an intelligent disposition of the German indemnity, which every competent financier in the world recognizes as the chief barrier to economic recovery. The agricultural bloc could force a policy that would set Europe on the road to recovery, and along with Europe, American agriculture. But that would require vision and courage.

Besides, the recovery of Europe is not enough. The prosperity of the farmer depends on two things: the price Europe can pay for his export surplus, and the price he has to pay for the goods he requires in his business and in his household. His present distress is due to the fact that the price of what he sells has fallen disastrously while the price of what he buys has not come down in anything like the same proportion. Why has it not done so? In the market where the farmer sells his surplus, and which determines, directly or indirectly, the price of what he sells at home, the conditions are different. The British or French or German farmer can buy as large a volume of manufactured products with his wheat and meat as he could before the war—often a larger volume. Why then does not the American farmer exchange his surplus abroad where the terms of exchange are favorable for the manufactured goods he needs? Ocean rates were never more favorable. Well, the explanation can be put in a word: the tariff. We have built up an artificial wall to prevent the farmer from compensating himself for the low prices of what he sells by equally low prices for what he buys. The joke is that this wall was built largely out of farmer votes, and that just now the tariff wall engineers are counting confidently upon farmer votes to build it even higher.

If the farmer really faced the facts and acted upon his interest, he would smash the tariff wall and deflate the prices of what he buys in the measure that his own prices have been deflated. That would be a heavy blow to American industry, it will be said, and would reduce the domestic demand for agricultural products. We are not so sure of that. As was demonstrated in an article by Professor David Friday in one of our recent issues, the aggregate value output of American industry has for almost a generation paralleled the aggregate value output of American agriculture so closely as to suggest a binding causal connection. These values rise and fall together. Deflate industrial prices, and raise the prices of agricultural products, and the presumption is that the aggregate of industrial values will still remain equal to the aggregate of agricultural values. How is that possible? Industry would expand the volume of its production. It would have to give more goods for the agricultural products it consumes.

But this is theory, and a complicated theory. What is not too complicated for anyone to understand is that so long as American agriculture exports a surplus every obstacle to the importation of the goods received in exchange is a burden upon the farmer. That was never so plain as today. Suppose that Germany sends us a shipload of hardware for the farmer's use. What will she do with the money she gets for it? She will take food and cotton and wool, of course. And if we shut out the hardware, what shall we do with the food and cotton and wool? Heap them up in warehouses, to depress prices this year and discourage production next year.

What the farmer can do politically to mend his condition is to work for the restoration of common sense and peace in Europe, and for the destruction of the American tariff barrier. These

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are the vital things that need to be done. If they are not done the cry of agricultural distress will continue to be heard through the years. This is not to deny that there are many other things to be done, inside of the political field and outside of it. We have not yet attained to a satisfactory plan of agricultural credits. Our transportation system badly needs overhauling: as it stands it neither makes money for its owners nor offers reasonably cheap freights. The toll of the middleman is too high: there is need of a powerful movement of consumer's and producer's cooperation to reduce it. The farmer needs more good roads. But none of these things will bring him prosperity so long as the export market for his staples remains flat, as it is bound to remain, unless he intervenes.

The St. Lawrence Project

SEA hunger has gripped the West. It will hack its way through to the Atlantic Ocean or know the reason why. There is something primal about the impulse. When it grips a man or a nation, it has the force of an instinct. No use reasoning at such times. There are some things so self-evident and imperative that they are above reason. Such are the visions shown us when the sea calls. The agricultural bloc has heard. It is said to have gathered enough votes to put the St. Lawrence project through Congress. It is just about as ready to reason about its rights to the sea as Jugoslavia is to reason about Fiume, or Poland about Danzig.

The project calls for the United States to share with Canada an initial expense of $250,000,000 for deepening the St. Lawrence and enlarging the canals around its rapids to a depth of twenty-five feet. This—when the Canadians have finished the new Welland Canal around Niagara Falls—will enable ocean going vessels to proceed to the head of the Lakes. The cost of the present rail haul to the seaboard is to be eliminated. That will, constructively speaking, move the grain fields to the seaboard and enhance the value of each bushel of wheat on the farm by the amount of saving in transportation cost.

It would be impossible not to have sympathy with the motive behind this project. The farmer has been hard hit. In the years when agricultural prices were high, he suffered from car shortages that prevented or delayed the movement of his products. Last season he raised crops that hardly paid him the cost of production. Whatever slim margin he had, has disappeared into the higher transportation charges laid on him by the thirty-five to forty percent rate advance of 1920. No wonder he has turned to a form of relief that promises him immunity from car shortages and independence from rate advances, at least so far as the vital export movement is concerned.

The port interests in New York, the elevator owners in Buffalo, the New York state authorities with their Barge Canal, the transportation manager of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, have all turned rather fiercely upon the new St. Lawrence route, rather too fiercely to avoid the charge of sectionalism which the West makes against them. The danger is that Congress will vote upon sectional lines. Yet there has not for years been a measure that more urgently required dispassionate examination of the facts. If this new route is the way, and the only way, to give our farmers the transportation relief they deserve, the expenditure should be made, and the selfish interests of existing ports or inland routes should not prevail against it. Congress and the country need the facts, now being hidden like grains of wheat in the heaping chaff of propaganda, recrimination and starry-eyed prophecy.

There are two possibilities of the new waterway reducing the freight rates from the upper Lakes to oversea. Either the ocean vessel could come up to Chicago or Duluth and load, or the Lake vessel could go down through the canals and discharge into ocean vessels at Montreal, head of ocean navigation on the St. Lawrence. Lake vessels could not go beyond this point because they are structurally unfit for ocean navigation.

Export grain is the chief commodity that would move through the St. Lawrence. Insofar as it moved directly from Lake ports, it would be mainly exported in full-cargo lots on tramp steamers. It seems unlikely that these vessels could afford to go up to the head of the Lakes for grain and carry it at rates comparable with those the Lake vessels could offer to the seaboard. The Lake carrier is a box-like container, all hatches, taking a heavy cargo on a slight draft. There are Lake vessels carrying 12,000 tons, though the controlling depth on the Lakes is not over twenty-one feet. The slimmer ocean vessel on the same draft will carry 4,000 tons less of cargo. The ocean steamer costs two or three times as much per ton capacity as the Lake steamer and carries forty percent more crew. This more expensive, less economical ocean vessel must go west on the Lakes without cargo. There would be rare full cargoes of bulk imports taken by Middle Western cities on or near the Lakes. From Buffalo west the Lake vessel carries a cargo of coal. The ocean vessel could not carry this coal in competition; its hatches

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and holds are not built to work with the marvelous dump-and-scoop loaders and unloaders at Lake ports. They reduce the port delays of open-hatched Lake vessels below anything known in transportation. The Lake vessel, with these advantages, could halve any eastbound rate on grain that the ocean carrier could afford to make. With trans-shipment costs on grain as low as one cent per bushel, the ocean vessel had better wait at Montreal and let the more suitable Lake carrier bring its cargo down.

As a matter of fact the most intelligent of the St. Lawrence proponents do not expect ocean vessels to come to the head of the Lakes. They expect the Lake vessels to go down to Montreal. This is assumed by Julius Barnes, former Director of the United States Grain Corporation, in his estimate of the prospective saving in transportation costs. Mr. West, a shipbuilder of Manitowoc, Wisconsin, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Tide Water Association, denies that the Lake vessels will be injured by competition of ocean carriers, which could not possibly meet the Lake rates. He says that on the contrary the Lake carriers will have their sphere of action extended by being let through to the seaboard.

So much for grain. It is not impossible that the new route will see the establishment of liner services between the Lake ports and abroad, carrying manufactured products and grain for ballast. The difficulty about such services is that they will have to rely mainly upon one-way cargo, exports, and the rates thereon would have to be high enough to pay for the round trip of the vessels. Bulk imports for this country are destined chiefly to points on or near the Atlantic seaboard. There is located the part of our population that does not raise its own food. In the East, above all, are largely concentrated those forms of manufacture that use imported raw materials. New Orleans railroads have gone the limit in introducing low rates on imports for the Middle West, to build up their port. They found that the Middle West simply did not take a heavy volume of imports. The Lake-and-rail rates from the Eastern seaboard to the Middle West have long been a substantial differential under the all-rail rates, both on import and domestic traffic. Yet there is so little of both these kinds of westbound traffic moving—of the sort suitable for water transportation—that the Great Lakes Transit Corporation, with a monopoly of line service on our Great Lakes, has had to discontinue its boats from Buffalo to Chicago.

The higher grades of manufactures require a regularity of service which certainly cannot be established to many destinations on the basis of Great Lakes export cargo, with a prospect of vessels returning light. A leading reason why no port has been able to break in upon New York's monopoly of manufactured exports is that consolidated exports can be shipped here and broken up into lots destined to all parts of the world. Where can such a port arise on the Lakes? Remember, the lakes are frozen five months of the year, the very months when there is the heaviest movement of the West's agricultural production.

The prospects are that we are to embark on an initial expenditure of $125,000,000 to build up the port of Montreal. The main use we would make of the waterway would be to send grain in our large Lake vessels through to Montreal, there to meet the line vessels and tramps. The opponents of the new waterway make much of this fact. They point out that Canada has spent scores of millions to keep her foreign trade moving in Canadian channels. Are we to spend scores of millions to get our trade moving in Canadian channels also? It is pointed out that this new export route is one that we should have no means of controlling in case of war. Our head would be in the lion's mouth. It is urged that great national interests would be seriously injured by the traffic diversion caused by the St. Lawrence route. This outpouring of grain via the St. Lawrence would withdraw the basic cargo that supports our own Atlantic and Gulf ports, certainly all but New York. The millions there invested in port facilities are referred to as worthy of protection. It is stated that the necessary deepening of our Great Lakes channels and harbors to the twenty-five foot depth of the St. Lawrence canals will bring our government expenditures up to $200,000,000 for this project. That is one-fifth of the entire amount spent on our rivers and harbors in the history of the country. Projects already approved by Congress, call for $200,000,000. Where is the money for doing everything?

Yet such considerations alone should not block the St. Lawrence expenditure. If Montreal can best serve us, why not use her? Industrial West Germany was built up by the aid of the Rhine waterway, in spite of the fact that it led to Rotterdam and Antwerp. The war argument is a mere bogie. We shall never be at war with England. In case of other wars, it will be an advantage to have this outlet through a neutral country. As for our Atlantic and Gulf ports that feel they may be damaged by the traffic diversion, they have no divine right to hold the western grain to routes five or ten cents dearer than could be provided. Their opposition to a cheaper route is the opposition of the ancient guilds to machinery, the opposition to progress by selfish interests everywhere.

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As for the $200,000,000 expenditure, we will save that in our national economy in two years if we can thus get our agricultural products cheaper to the sea. Spend the money, cancel the projects rendered fruitless by the better route discovered. Expenditures on those projects thus far should be charged to the item of experimentation.

Mr. Barnes tells us that so long as we export, the foreign market price (Liverpool) determines the value of our whole crop. On each farm the bushel is worth the Liverpool price less the cost of getting the grain there. Reduce that cost ten cents and the farmer gets ten cents more per bushel. Add ten cents per bushel to the crops of Western states and the annual gift to the farmer is several hundred million dollars. Add even five cents and the amount saved for him would more than pay for the canal in one year.

If the St. Lawrence were the only way to attain this saving it should be undertaken. However, there is an alternative which should first be examined. We have a modern waterway to the sea. We should not build another until this proves insufficient. New York state has spent $165,000,000 to furnish from Buffalo to the Hudson a Barge Canal capable of taking fleets of barges of 1,500 to 1,800 tons each. It was built after the best engineers in the country had reported that it would be cheaper to operate than a ship canal, even allowing for the trans-shipment cost on the barge route. The Barge Canal has not had a chance to demonstrate its worth. It was barely shipshape for operation when the war came. The federal government took it over. That of course stopped private enterprise from providing canal equipment. The government's dead hand has been off it only a year. Barges and steamers are being built rapidly and the state's $2,500,000 grain elevator at New York is being completed. It will trans-ship from barge to ocean vessel at one-half cent per bushel. That elevator is a vital necessity; canal-boats have had to lie weeks in the port of New York waiting to be unloaded. The state will have to build a similar elevator at Buffalo if the effort fails to have existing elevators there cooperate with the canal carriers.

This past season the canal has been giving rates of eight cents a bushel from Buffalo to New York, including tansfer from Lake carrier to barge at Buffalo. But that is an abnormally high rate, the result of a total insufficiency of the barge tonnage to meet the requirements of grain shippers. Rates on the old Erie Canal averaged four cents and lower. It is claimed that these old rates will be underbid by the more economical barges on the new canal as soon as their operations have been stabilized and they are present in sufficient number to reflect their lower costs in lower rates. There are shipping men who doubt whether those prospective Barge Canal rates could be materially bettered by a Lake carrier if it continued from Buffalo to Montreal by the proposed twenty-five foot canal.

That is, they claim the prospective rate Duluth-New York, via Buffalo and Barge Canal, is about as low as the prospective rate Duluth-Montreal via St. Lawrence canals. On this route a large Lake carrier would have to move slowly through tortuous channels in the St. Lawrence and through seven locks in the Welland Canal and probably nine locks along the St. Lawrence. The vessel would have no return cargo. The barge in the New York canal would make as good time, carry lower operating and over-head costs, and have a larger return cargo.

In any case, it seems worth while to give this Barge Canal a chance, and see whether in the next year it will not give the farmers the rate reduction to the seaboard they desire. It will be years before the St. Lawrence route could be completed. The new Welland Canal has only seven locks, and will not be ready for six years; it was begun in 1913. Under a wise provision of most state laws a railroad cannot be built to parallel an existing line unless reasonable necessity for the newcomer is shown. Congress should apply the same test to the St. Lawrence project. We have for free use the most modern inland waterway ever constructed. The Barge Canal seems to be getting in shape to do for us now the very thing the St. Lawrence might do ten years hence. Sound economics, good sense, national pride, as well as fiscal considerations which we cannot wholly ignore, counsel us to give it a chance.

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Ireland's Rôle in the British Empire

IF I were a stanch British Tory with some sense of the difficulties ahead of my class in its pious attempts to rule the British Empire, I should much rather have an independent Irish Republic next door to me than an Irish Free State within the British commonwealth.

For I should reason—if I were capable of reasoning at all—that an Irish Republic would be so occupied with its own troubles that it would have no time or interest to waste on mine. Whereas an Irish Free State, as I should speedily realize when I thought about it, might readily prove to be the most articulate of all the dominions on the painful subject of my old-fashioned methods in Ceylon and India, in Egypt and British West Africa. I should begin to wonder whether in effecting this sort of a settlement, Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Birkenhead had, after all, displayed quite the acumen and foresight I had a right to expect.

At any rate, one of the most interesting themes for speculation at this time is that of Ireland's possible rôle in chastening and modifying the future imperial policy of Great Britain. Certain recent developments, not well known, perhaps, across the waters, should be borne in mind if the felicities of this new situation are to be fully savored. . . .

At present six-sevenths of the British Empire are subject peoples; only one-seventh are self-governing. Those self-governing groups include the people of the United Kingdom, the Dominion of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia, New Zealand, the Union of South Africa and—presently—the Irish Free State.

Now the history of these dominions for the past hundred years is one of steady, wilful and successful encroachment upon the prerogatives reserved to the mother country. One of the first things they insisted upon was complete control of the "crown lands" within their boundaries. England's original plan was a pious one; she meant to parcel out those lands herself to the homeless families of the Empire, those ruined by the Corn laws, those despoiled by the heartless Enclosure acts. But the colonies insisted and England yielded the point. Then they demanded the right to make any sort of tariff they pleased, even against the "free trade" mother country, and again she yielded for the sake of peace. Then they claimed the right to amend their own constitutions at will. This frightened the British investor dreadfully, but again England yielded for the sake of peace and of that unity which she was obscurely groping for.

Today these dominions are full-fledged states. They have their own departments of external affairs; they have their own consular systems; at least one of them has a minister of her own at Washington. And they all make commercial agreements and even treaties with hardly a "by your leave" addressed to Downing Street.

Of course it was the Great War that did it. Their help was very badly needed, and they knew it, and they laid down their terms with a cold-blooded directness that would have impressed even Palmerston. They said, within the walls of the Imperial Conference, that they were sick of being treated like children and that they were thoroughly fed up with the British Colonial Office. They outlined a new order of things. Mr. Hughes of Australia, who was the most emotional jingo orator on the English platform during the war, was the most blunt and persistent grabber of rights and acknowledgments for the dominions within the war Cabinet.

They got everything they asked for. They were taken into the Imperial War Cabinet; they were consulted on all questions of high policy; they were taken to Paris; they made themselves heard—though none too sapiently—on the Versailles Treaty and the organization of the League of Nations; separately they signed the various treaties. When the whole thing was over and they returned home, they had reshaped the British Empire into something so new and strange that even so recent a figure as Mr. Gladstone, were he to return, would scarcely recognize it.

But that was not all. They had won one thing more. They had won, within the British Constitution, a strategic point from which it will be very hard for me and my class—as sound "old school" British Tories—to dislodge them. They have won the right to "advise" the Crown, and the Crown, it is clearly understood, is obliged to follow their advice.

If you are just an ordinary home-spun republican, you may not realize, perhaps, just what this means, but in England there is no escaping its revolutionary significance. The British monarchy, as such, is an institution of dwindling importance. King George V, as King of England, is a theme for picture postcards, something flashed on the screen for a moment as you leave a London theater. But the *Imperial Crown*, that's something, you are given to understand, vastly more significant. The

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Crown has been seized by the dominions as the "keystone" of the arch of the British Empire. It is true that the British monarchy and the Imperial Crown happen to be embodied in the same amiable person, but for the dominions it is the Imperial Crown alone that matters. When the Prince of Wales visits Canada and Australia and—now—India, he does so, not as the son of the King of England, or even the heir apparent of the British throne, but as the personal representative of his father, the direct personal representative of the Imperial Crown. Says H. Duncan Hall in his recent volume, The British Commonwealth of Nations: "The Crown as a great bond uniting a society of free republics is one of the most remarkable features of modern times." It is, indeed. There are those in England who are wondering if it isn't a bit too remarkable for comfort.

Those who read Mr. and Mrs. Webb's book last winter, A Constitution for the Socialist Commonwealth of Great Britain were astonished, perhaps, to find those Fabian socialists retaining the King as an imperial figurehead. That was not, as perhaps you fancied at the time, a mere old-fashioned lapse on the part of the Webbs. On the contrary, it is Mr. H. G. Wells, the republican, who is now considered old-fashioned in England—"Mr. Wells the last of the republicans"—and the Webbs, in proposing to retain the monarchy for ends of their own, are at the very head of the procession. For the latest thing, the very newest scheme afloat, is the idea of using the Imperial Crown, with the help of the self-governing dominions, to wrest control of the British Empire away from the financial classes in Great Britain.

This function of the Imperial Crown is indeed quite new. It dates from 1917 and the constitutional doctrine embodying it we find stated in these words:

"The Crown is the supreme executive in the United Kingdom and in all the Dominions, but it acts on the advice of different ministries within different constitutional units." Quietly, without any fuss, King George V has gracefully adjusted himself to the new situation. He has been "advised" by the Premier and Parliament of Australia to do such and such a thing; he has graciously thought fit to do so! He has been "advised" by the Premier of Canada to take such and such a course; he has invariably consented! This has been happening on harmless issues—establishing the amenities of intercourse between the newly fledged self-governing states of the Empire—but tomorrow the dominions will use it for things that matter. For example, they are quite determined to rid themselves of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in London as the Supreme Court of the Empire; it has long annoyed them that this little handful of English lords should have the power to decide what was constitutional and what was not in matters arising out of their own legislation. If, after full consultation and agreement among themselves, they decide to "advise" the Crown to issue a proclamation establishing or "recognizing" a new practice in the matter, it is quite unlikely that the Crown will decline. Too many royal families are passing into private life! But, as a matter of fact, he won't want to. Probably to no Englishman in England are the dominions more pleasantly vivid than to the King.

But this sketches only half the situation. There are two more new features which need to be appreciated. Thus far we have been dealing with the new powers which the Dominions have seized for themselves. But in 1882 the Dominion of Canada took a new step; she ventured to intervene in the issue between Great Britain and Ireland. Theoretically it was none of her business, but she showed that the Irish in Canada could not, and would not, settle down and be good Canadians so long as the Irish question was an open sore. Then came the Boer War. Canada was asked for help and Premier Laurier replied bluntly that "Canada does not intend to be drawn *into the vortex of European militarism*!" I ask you, was that polite? It was not polite, but its significance was not missed throughout the Empire. Canada did finally send a few troops to help the mother country but she declared at the time that it was no precedent for the future; the whole moral effect, it is scarcely too much to say, was a Colonial vote of censure for the Chamberlain-Rhodes enterprise. Then in 1903 Canada again protested on the Irish question. In 1906 the Commonwealth of Australia formally raised the Irish question and again during the war. And during the war General Smuts told No. 10 Downing Street a few plain facts about Dutch and Irish feeling in the Union of South Africa. So that finally at the great Imperial War Conference in London in 1917 the dominions emerged from their modest Colonial retirement and boldly adopted a resolution—with England acquiescing—declaring that in the future they and India must "be given adequate voice in foreign policy and in foreign relations" and must enjoy continuous consultation with the mother country *"in all important matters of common Imperial concern."*

No doubt the dominions, on the whole, are much more interested in their own problems than in those of purely "Imperial concern." But one of these

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days there will appear at the annual Imperial Conference a new figure, one who speaks for a dominion which has a profound scepticism regarding the beneficence of British rule. The Irish Free State—if one may use that term—knows better than any of the other dominions just how it feels to be a subject race; she knows the sensation you get when a Briton takes hold of your native school system and runs it on sound Etonian lines,—that queer sensation compounded of bewilderment and wrath and a desire to laugh; she knows thoroughly British "law and order."

But Irish expertness, I venture to say, goes further. This newcomer at the conference table will have had a long training in realpolitik, he will have a perfect passion for tracing imperial disturbances to their source in British finance. He will not be swept off his feet by those "practical," those "moderate," those Montagu-Chelmsford, schemes in the production of which the Empire is so desperately prolific today. In short, you will have every year at that Imperial Conference of Dominion Prime Ministers at least one delegate strongly tempted to state the case for Egypt and decency at least as passionately as Mr. Hughes, five years ago, demanded a hand in the Treaty of Peace.

Well, there you are. You have the Irish Free State with two first class weapons in its hands. One is the direct approach to the attentive, and if I may say so without offence, thoroughly respectful, Imperial Crown! The other is direct participation in an annual Imperial Conference called to consider matters of "common Imperial concern." The latter is especially important. Everybody says that if it does not work, the Empire won't work. If even one of those conferences went noisily to smash on Egypt or India, British stock would go pretty low. Things are ticklish enough as it is. Only yesterday in Canada we had Mr. J. C. Ewart, one of the Dominion's leading constitutional authorities, openly advocating a republic for Canada. The republican forces in South Africa are not to be despised. The Irish and the labor forces in Australia are more than fed up with British imperialism. It would seem to be as certain as anything can be that Great Britain must immediately modify her policies in Egypt, India and the self-conscious dependencies to make them palatable to sister states which are republican in all but name and at least one of which has the bitterest recollections of British imperial "benevolence."

And so we may have the novel spectacle of a certain Irish statesman who has devoted his whole life to the study of Irish nationalism—"ourselves alone"—saddled tomorrow with the affairs of far-off colored peoples. We may find him studying, with that deadly purposive concentration of his, Miss Kingsley's shrewd and appreciative account of the West African Negro mind. We may hear him tartly reminding a too complacent Imperial Conference of John Mitchel's toast, in a British prison-ship off Cape Town, "to the future South African Republic!" We may find him touring the whole Empire—what's to stop him?—repeating Parnell's "you have no right to set boundaries to the march of any people." We may even discover him some day respectfully "advising" the Imperial Crown to issue a proclamation forbidding compulsory native labor in any part of the British Empire. Can you imagine the row? Terrific!! But would the institution of compulsory labor survive that row? It certainly would not!

But why go on? The possibilities are endless, and they are all of them thoroughly congenial to the Irish temper and even, I like to think, to the Irish soul. Reflecting about it all sends my mind back—for the 'steenth time—to that old prediction of Thomas Carlyle's that Dublin would prove to be "the breaking point in that huge suppuration which all European society now is." A haphazard prophecy, perhaps, but it might so easily come true!

CHARLES THOMAS HALLINAN.

London.

The Senate, Selected

"A SELECT Committee to Investigate,"—the Senate in the person of four august and representative members, alas! how only too representative. They are voyaging on a navy transport to Haiti and Santo Domingo to inquire into the United States' occupation and administration of these two republics, but if they were journeying to Alaska to study gold prospecting their reactions would be of the same type.

Take first the Senator from New Mexico. He is the latest appointee on the committee and the oldest in years of the four. His square head is grayed, his face kindly and a little sad with a slightly drooping mustache. His whole bearing shows the subtle, dulling, softening marks of grief and of ill health. He reminds me of my father, particularly in his boots which have a familiar broad-toed, honest, out of date if well polished aspect. All the babies on the ship love the Senator from New Mexico. They must sense his rather wistful affection. For the five days of the voyage the Senator sits stretched out on his

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steamer chair on the top deck reading two books from the ship's library. The books are entitled Egypt and Ancient Rome. All the other members of the party, even the stenographer, are engaged in reading the proof sheets of the voluminous record of the hearings before the Committee in Washington. It is unlikely that the Senator has read the record in the two hectic days since his appointment as a substitute, and on the boat, so far as an outsider can tell, the Senator unless he reads in the fiery furnace of his cabin, does not consider it important to absorb three months' testimony which he has never heard, on the United States' occupation of Haiti. Rome is to him more relevant.

See the Senator in action, at the hearings in Port-au-Prince or Santo Domingo. After the cross-examination of each witness by counsel and by the other Senators, he suddenly awakens from a soporific lethargy. His dignity requires that a certain number of questions by the Senator from New Mexico be spread upon the record. It seems to be easier for him to ask these questions on any one minute point but his preference runs to burials. A native has been killed by a Marine, every detail has been rehearsed. Then the Senator from New Mexico in a drawling voice, "Just *where* is the grave?" "Can you see it from the path?" "Can you see it from the rock?" "Did you see it from the tree on the path?" "Do you often walk down the path?" Precious time in the two days for testimony is flying, but "Just *where* is the grave?" remains the Greek chorus of the Senator from New Mexico. Or is it a strain from Ancient Rome?

The Senator is a Democrat coming from the most placid of Main Streets. We suspect that he is the pacific sort of Democrat whom Republicans in power like to place on investigating committees. It has been mentioned that he is particularly fitted to understand Haiti since he once touched at Port-au-Prince when returning from Panama on the Taft expedition. The Senator is again "touching" at Port-au-Prince. . . . Just *where* is the grave?

The Republican Senator from Nevada is by contrast young, energetic, full of pep. He has a great shining bald egg of a head on top of a six-foot strapping form, but his countenance is strangely roseate and infantile in spite of the gleaming eyeglasses. On the boat he seems always in the process of saying a genial good-morning, nodding a benign greeting to fellow passengers, but he is never known to *talk* to anyone. It is less that he is reserved than that he has nothing to say. In hearings he maintains the same discreet silence. The slope of his broad shoulders is apologetic. Please excuse me for only having been a Senator since last March, they seem to say. But the Senator is better in acts than words. He rides well over the Dominican mountain trails, and he and his wife do noble duty in dancing with all shades of Haitians and Dominicans at the two balls given in honor of the Commission. The Senator is an engineer. He takes a flying trip to Porto Rico and comes back to break his silence. He is highly enthusiastic over the Porto Rican roads. "And every hill cultivated right up to the top," he says. Coming home in the boat he sums up. "My mind is in a maze. I've read so much and heard so much, my mind is in a maze, but I tell you,—all we need to do is to build roads in Santo Domingo like the ones in Porto Rico. We'll soon have these Dominicans *prosperous!*" A good fellow, the Senator from Reno, if only his fine intentions do not get lost in that maze.

The Senator from Ohio is in appearance an old line Bryanesque Democrat, with his large head above a stand-up collar and ancient black bow tie, his sombre suit of clothes and expanse of uncertain shirt front. His trousers live up to the Ohio tradition, and he has that general pasty aspect which makes you feel sure that if you poked a finger into him it would stick. Yet he is a vigorous man and conscientiously takes his fourteen turns a day around the deck. He likes to appear grumpy and unapproachable and his eye is black and flashing, but even when he does "snap," he has a certain sense of humor and a mind of sorts. The Senator's first sight of Haiti and of a possible white spire through the field glasses called forth the remark, "A church, I guess they need it," and if this is the Senator's point of view, he believes in concealing it from nobody. Of the four it is he who casts most terror into the hearts of the simple Haitian witnesses by his violent questions and outraged outbursts. It is disheartening to see,—and the fact is ever apparent,—that the Senator's freshwater lawyer's experience, his limited comprehension, really make it impossible for him to grasp the Haitian psychology, or for that matter, the psychology of any individual whose background is different from his. He has gone on this trip to defend the Democratic administration and the President who initiated the United States' policy of aggression against the two republics, and he will continue to defend this aggression with as much fervor as ever he upheld the rights of small nations. A partisan, a Democrat first, he is a conscientious, a liberal, even an idealistic man,—within his party and the limits of his understanding. He is very much moved by the proved tales

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of atrocities in Santo Domingo, but he is unwilling even to contemplate that the unproved ones in Haiti may have a basis in fact. Atrocious charges! By the time he reaches Santo Domingo City, the Senator has acquired a certain suavity, but at the last he winds up with the perfect politician's burst of golden oratory, finger pointing toward heaven, "We are here to learn the truth, the whole truth, and *nothing* but the truth!" That emphasized *"nothing"* means that he might just as well have stayed at home.

The chairman of the committee is the only one of the four who does not come from Main Street, he is the only one, too, who speaks or understands French and Spanish. But the Senator from Illinois is the saddest spectacle of all—he so nearly misses being a great man. One has to like him for his delicious sense of humor, his sophisticated point of view and cosmopolitan experience, his charm and intelligence. He is like the friends whom all of us enjoy the most and count on the least, amusing, incorrigible, not overburdened with "honest worth." And he is essentially the man of the world in the somewhat studied carelessness of his clothes, the cynical droop of his eyelid, the whole efficient compactness and reserve of his person. Travelled, educated, keen, capable, a thinker and a liberal,—"l'homme fort," the Haitians say, a man to move mountains if he should so choose, but the Senator's sense of the ridiculous appearance he would present when moving a mountain, will always stop him just short of doing the biggest things in life. His sophistication is the ever present drag against his idealism. Though to his credit, he is not a "reliable" Republican, he belongs to the fundamentally pragmatic, don't-fool-yourself, neo-Rooseveltian school of political theory, of materialistic yet liberal imperialism. The Senator from Illinois is to a certain degree noted for his opposition to "the British Empire," yet he is just another American Anti-Britisher who winks at the methods used to extend the Empire of the United States. To listen to the Senator discourse on the Stillman case or the table manners of the Filipino élite, to watch him flatter a navy wife or cut short a long-winded lawyer, to hear him compliment a Dominican Chamber of Commerce or deliver an after-dinner speech of greeting in French, is to lose oneself in admiration of his technique. But, alas for us simple-minded ones, will the Senator from Illinois ever go further than to initiate liberal and safe legislation or conduct hearings with consummate skill and courteousness? Will he ever make the large gesture, the great-minded judgment which will at the same time disprove this estimate and make him a great man?

. . .

A select committee, the average, no better and no worse, though containing perhaps no such dissimilar high lights as a Borah or a Lodge, yet the average. The Senate in microcosm, here merely giving the final Senatorial sanction to our policy of naval aggression in the Caribbean.

X. Y.

Benedict XV and the New Age

THE expert in diplomacy may most admire in Benedict XV the skill with which he piloted the Church through the rocks and shoals of a perilous neutrality in the Great War. In a strictly ecclesiastical field his handling of the schismatic tendencies in the emancipated nationalisms of Central Europe and the Near East may prove to be the outstanding feature of his pontificate. But his most decisive success, the effort which best reveals the suppleness and foresight of his statesmanship, was the settlement of the political problem in Italy in terms which give the Church a working political program for the whole world. In the last three years the new papal policy has shown its tendencies most clearly in the workings of the "Italian Popular Party." It has attracted little attention abroad because of this association, superficially, with the fortunes of a minority in Italian politics. It is more farreaching than that, however; as becomes apparent when Benedict's "domestic" platform is contrasted with that of Leo XIII and Pius X.

Leo XIII approached the "Roman Question" from the angle of diplomatic ritual. The young Italian nation had burst through the gates of Rome and abolished temporal power. Leo XIII, like his predecessor, "refused to recognize" the established fact. He chose to regard the whole business as an affair of the House of Savoy, turning himself into the "prisoner of the Vatican," socially boycotting the Italian monarchs, and forcing good Italian Catholics to adopt the pose of his own "splendid isolation."

For forty-eight years Italian affairs presented the interesting example of an abstraction at war with a reality, with consequences all but disastrous to both. Here was the most Catholic nation in Europe, invited to stand aloof from the

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management of its own affairs in the interests of a scholastic quibble as to whether a spiritual power can exist without the assistance of a material body to express it. Though Leo XIII late in his reign showed a disposition to compromise with the modern democratic exigencies of Italy, his long pontificate was essentially the period of Catholic "intransigeance." During this epoch, papal diplomacy found its chief outlet in intrigues with the Austrian aristocracy, the Pope hoping to attain his Italian objectives by bringing pressure to bear upon the Quirinal through Vienna and Berlin. In Italy the Clericals did all they could to hamper the consolidation of the new nation, aligning themselves with the "anti-constitutional" parties, Republicans, Socialists and Anarchists. In 1898, when the social revolution all but became a fact in Italy, the Catholics fought shoulder to shoulder with the Socialists. The two conspicuous victims of the free-speech embargo were Turati, of the Critica Sociale, and Don Albertaric, editor of the official organ of the Vatican, the Osservatore Catholico.

These tactics of Leo came to grief very shortly. The moment socialism began to make headway among the agrarian workers, the old feudal proprietors of Italy, who consituted the main strength of the Clericals, became alarmed. Under the leadership of Cardinals Rampolla and Svampa and of Don Romolo Murri, the demand was made on the Vatican that Catholics be allowed freely to vote in Italian elections. Leo died in August, 1903. In September of the following year, with Pius X on the throne, a new industrial and agrarian crisis caused a stampede of conservative Catholics to the polls in a rally to defeat the imminent triumph of socialism.

The Vatican winked at this situation. For nine years the "Conservative Alliance" had a strong Clerical contingent under Don Romolo Murri. In 1913, during the unrest resulting from the Tripolitan war, the wily Giolitti manoeuvred an open compromise. In exchange for a promise to discontinue liberal and anti-clerical raids upon Church properties, privileges and educational institutions, the Clericals agreed to participate normally in Italian constitutional politics. The "Gentiloni pact," as Giolitti's bargain is called, brought Italian Catholics back into the "Italian family." Henceforth they voted freely, and sang the national anthem. Cardinals were allowed to take tea with the royal family. There were Clericals in the national, provincial, and city governments.

Benedict XV not only broke with all this diplomatic jockeying, but approached the "Roman Question" from the direction of most up-to-date realities. Such popular support as the old policy had sought came from the landed aristocracy and the propertied classes, who, it was hoped, would be strong enough to keep their dependent proletariat in line. Benedict was courageous enough to seek an establishment of the Church's influence on the whole vast population of Catholic workingmen and peasants. The corollaries of the two policies are equally in contrast. The old Clericalism came to be associated with all the tactics the preservation of a passive servile proletariat requires. The new policy presupposes an active, intelligent, self-conscious populace, throwing its strength toward Catholic ideals because it believes in them and defending these ideals at the polls and in public debate in an honest open struggle with opposing concepts of life.

How far Benedict was willing to go in accepting the consequences of this truly democratic vision of Catholic possibilities, may be seen from studying the development of the "Italian Popular Party." Formally organized in January, 1919, —the plan was ready in August, 1918, and "launched" in November—the party, after a brief existence of three years, is the most powerful single group in Italian politics, and is already reaching out to become a "White International." Its "leader" is Don Luigi Sturzo, a Sicilian priest, who has become the foremost Catholic "organizer" in Europe. Associated with Don Luigi, curiously enough, are men from the old reactionary clerical groups, now engaged in the interesting attempt to formulate and apply the principles of "Christian democracy."

Now, in 1918-19, with Europe hanging on the brink of a Bolshevist, or Communist, revolution, the "Italian Popular Party" announced a program on the extreme Left: unlimited rights of workers to organize and to strike; abolition of the (plutocratic) Senate, and a syndicalistic parliament; free speech and "free education"; decentralization of the bureaucracy with local autonomy; universal suffrage (i. e. votes for women). The party even harbored a goodly number of Catholic Bolshevists—believers in an immediate violent revolution, with a dictatorship of the (Catholic) proletariat. In the electoral campaigns of 1919-20, the soap-boxers of the "Popolari" outdid the Socialist agitators in the violence and virulence of their attacks on the middle classes. In fact, the "Italian Popular Party" stole all the thunder of the Socialists, except for one or two essential differences: it advocated the "brotherhood of man," in place of the class struggle; the creation of small holdings in land, instead of land nationalization, and the preservation of the family against divorce—

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Socialists often refuse to recognize sanction of marriage by the existing Italian state.

By the time the party's forces became coordinated in the elections of 1919, the "direction" of its policy sensibly changed with changes in the drift of public opinion. In its three congresses it succeeded in taming the Catholic Bolshevists—led by a curious type, a certain Speranzini—whom it excluded from the party and left in a position parallel to that of the seceding Communists of the Socialist party. Now with a solid block of a hundred deputies in parliament, it occupies the territory of advanced radicalism: its principal achievement is the passage, under the Clerical minister Meda, of a radical taxation law. In its correlated industrial and agrarian organizations of workingmen it holds out for an advanced type of cooperation between capital and labor, and for collective control of production. In Parliament the party holds the key position: no ministry can govern without consulting it. On the one hand it has checkmated the aggressive Socialist minority, forcing upon the latter the alternative of impotence or combination with the liberal Right. On the other, it has prevented the outbreak of any form of extreme legalized reaction. It is not strong enough, however, to take control itself: its "free education" bill was beaten by a coalition of all the non-clerical parties including the Socialists. Its immediate efficacy, in general, has been to force a clearer differentiation of parties in the country: the old liberal groups have had to combine to retain any power at all.

The first open step to carry this policy to nations outside of Italy was taken a few weeks ago when Don Luigi Sturzo was sent to Germany to coordinate the Catholic movement there with that in Italy. Exactly what was accomplished on that mission has not been announced, except that Don Luigi in a speech and in interviews "launched" the idea of the "White International," a world organization of Roman Catholics to uphold the doctrine of "Christian brotherhood" against the class struggle of the Third, the Red International, of Moscow.

It is clear that Benedict XV inclined toward caution in extending the experiment he carried out with such brilliant results in Italy. In France he was content with the resumption of diplomatic relations with the Vatican, and the activities of the Action Française already existing. In Spain he did not disturb the coalition of clergy, army and conservatives. A papal emissary brought the new program to the United States late in 1918 but found us in the midst of an anti-Bolshevist panic, and in no disposition generally to welcome what, under American conditions, must be a sectarian party. The program here simmered down to a liberal manifesto of the Catholic bishops.

The significance of Benedict's revolutionary outlook on politics may be measured by a further contrast with Pius IX. That pope, in the crisis growing out of the French Revolution, failed to appreciate the imminence of the shift of power from land to industry, from titled nobility to business and finance. His siding with absolutism created a problem for his successors which remained a problem down to the Great War. Benedict XV was a much more subtle statesman. Had Europe collapsed into Bolshevism in 1919, the Church would have had all the machinery ready to initiate the era of Christian communism and assume spiritual leadership in a Bolshevist age. As the event turns out, Benedict leaves to the popes who follow him a political policy wholly reconciled with modern democracy and grounded on the support of far more numerous popular elements than was ever the case before.

And the "Roman Question," meanwhile, takes care of itself. The Italian monarchy is about ready to force a slice of Roman territory upon the Vatican—just to get rid of a question that was never really of any importance.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON.

Lincoln's "Pass-Key to Hearts"

MORE than one clue must be unravelled to reach an understanding of Abraham Lincoln. Among them there surely must be reckoned his capacity for companionship. None more catholic in his selections ever lived. All men were his fellows. He went unerringly and unconsciously for the most part, to the meeting place that awaited him in each man's nature. There might be a wall, often there was; but he knew, no one better, that there is always a secret door in human walls. Sooner or later he discovered it, put his finger on its spring, passed through and settled into the place behind that was his.

His life was rich in companionships with unlikely people, often people who began by contempt or semi-contempt of him. There was the town bully of his youth, whom he soundly thrashed for trying a foul in a wrestling match, and who rose from the dust to proclaim Lincoln the best man who ever broke into camp; thirty years later there was his own Secretary of State, with his self-complacent assumption of the President's unfitness for leadership and of his own call to direct the nation, put gently but firmly in his place and soon frankly and nobly declaring, "He's the best of us all."

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He had many pass-keys—wrath, magnanimity, shrewdness, patience, clarity of judgment, humor, resolve; and in the end, one or the other or all together opened every closed door, and he sat down at home with men of the most divergent views and experience: the bully, the scholar, the cunning, the pious, the ambitious, the selfish, the great, the weak, the boy, the man.

Particularly was Lincoln at home with men whose native grain had not been obscured by polish and oil. There were many of them in his time in Illinois plying their trades or professions more or less busily, but never allowing industry to interfere with opportunities for companionship. They were men of shrewdness, humor, usually modest, not over-weighted with ambition. Their appetite for talk, for politics, for reports on human exhibits of all sorts, never dulled. Their love of companionship outstripped even their naturally intolerant partisanship.

These men, unconsciously for the most part, resisted the social veneering that, beginning in Illinois in Lincoln's day, rapidly overlaid the state. In his first contact with Springfield in the '30's he remarked the "flourishing about in carriages," the separation of people into groups according to money, antecedents, social equipment. He never allowed convention, address, ceremony, however foreign to him, to interfere with his human relations—he went over or around them. But, natural man that he was, he found a special freedom with those in whom the essence of human nature remained unmixed and uncorked.

There were many of them in the towns—Springfield, Bloomington, Princeton, Quincy, Chicago. Their memory of Mr. Lincoln was among the most precious and satisfying things in their lives. When business was dull or the day rainy and consequently there were few or no interruptions, the talk you started by questions soon became a soliloquy. Head against the wall, feet on desk, eyes far away, voice softened, they re-lived the old friendship. Their memories were tender, reverent, but singularly devoid of the thing that we call hero-worship. Mr. Lincoln remained too real to them, too interesting and companionable.

If Mr. Lincoln's fellowship with these men was based on his love of sheer human nature, he found in them, too, something very precious to him, and that was a humor that answered his own. The spring from which his humor flowed was strong with native salts and so was theirs. It was naked but clean, devoid of evil insinuation. It was always out-with-it—strong, pungent words; strong, pungent facts. The humor was not in words or facts, it was in what they pointed—the illumination they gave of life and men. Lincoln's humor was part of his passion for reality, truthfulness, freedom. The unashamed answered him and gave him more of a particular kind of salt he craved, in a life in many ways starved, starved for love and hope and gaiety, for all of which he had great natural capacity.

The youthfulness of their spirit endeared them to him. They were usually some fifteen or twenty years his junior; but in feeling the difference was greater. Lincoln early looked on himself and spoke of himself as an old man. It was not years—it was burdens, defeats, the failure to find a satisfying purpose in life. He was old, and he craved youth. These men had it. They were perennial children. Youth seemed to warm him, and he sought it wherever it was to be found—in children, boys, young men. They in turn instinctively came to him. A succession of youth in all its forms follows him through his goings and comings in the streets of Springfield, along the route of the old Eighth Circuit of Illinois, through the streets of Washington, into the White House.

His own children stirred the deepest passion his unsatisfied heart ever knew. Tad, whose stuttering tongue and restless, valiant spirit brought out all Mr. Lincoln's tenderness, sat beside him every free evening, going over the pictures and text of the shoals of books which publishers send to a President; he helping the boy's stumbling tongue to frame his comments—a perfection of fellowship between them. When the nights were not free—and that was often, for there were long conferences running into the small hours, the lad slept beside him on the floor of the conference room. And when it was over, he gathered him up in his arms and himself put him to bed, consoled in the harrowing muddle of affairs by the perfect love between them.

One can never be too thankful that he had John Hay, then a youth in his early twenties—and such a youth! The joy and fun and understanding between them as it crops out in Hay's letters is a streak of pure sunshine across the almost soddenly tragic life of the White House in the Civil War.

This capacity for companionship which so linked men of all types to Lincoln in his lifetime and so held them to him in death is one clue to his final success in bringing out of the struggle over slavery in this country certain solid and definite results—results that have enlarged the boundaries of human freedom and given a convincing demonstration of the need and the preciousness of more and more unionism if we are to secure our final better world. He could not have done what he did had he been less understanding of men and

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their limitations as well as of their powers, less experienced in passing behind human walls, finding what there was there and using it, not asking of a man what he could not give, not forcing on him what he could not receive.

Who can estimate what it was to the nation to have as a leader through the Civil War a man "born with a pass-key to hearts"?

IDA M. TARBELL.

The Threshold

I SEE an enormous building; in the front wall a narrow door is open wide; dismal darkness is behind the door.

A girl stands in front of the high threshold, a Russian girl. The thick darkness breathes with frost, and with the freezing stream a lingering dull voice comes out of the depth.

"Oh, you desiring to step over this threshold, do you know what awaits you?"

—I do, the girl answers.

"Cold, hunger, hatred, mockery, defiance, jail, sickness, death itself."

—I know.

"Solitude, isolation."

—I know, I am ready. I am willing to bear all the blows.

"Not only from the enemies but also from relatives, from friends?"

—Yes, even from them.

"All right. Are you ready for sacrifice?"

—I am.

"For nameless sacrifice? You will perish, and nobody, nobody will ever know whose memory to honor."

—I do not seek any gratitude, nor compassion. I do not need any name.

—"Are you ready . . . for crime?"

—The girl bowed her head. "Also for crime . . . I am ready." The voice paused, and in a while resumed the questions.

"Know you," it finally spoke, "that you may disbelieve everything you do believe now, you may realize that you have erred and you have ruined your young life in vain?"

—And *that* I know, and still I wish to enter.

"Enter!"

The girl stepped over the threshold and the heavy curtain fell behind her.

—Fool! a voice was heard to exclaim with a gnashing of the teeth.

—Saint! was heard from somewhere.

I. TURGENIEFF.

Translated by Leon Saunders.

The Mountain Man

The Mountain Man, by Clare Kummer. Maxine Elliott's Theatre. December 12, 1921.

"IT is a truth universally acknowledged that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife," as Jane Austen would say; and that fact and most of the other little necessary business of Miss Kummer's play is stated and over before you know what has been done to you, so great is her charm. And indeed, I think you may say, that the approach to Clare Kummer by way of Jane Austen is our best chance of a just appreciation of her work. Miss Kummer's atmosphere is one of a droll and delicate wit, a mind innocent and quiet that takes our social foibles for its heritage, and with its own kind of irony, a soft, arrested blow that rarely misses its aim. The whole first act of The Mountain Man has a light and lovable ripple above its gentle, deep waters; something that suggests happy moments in literature, suggests taste, quaint affability, steady reflection on life. In the second act it is a little more poignant the humor; and the tact of it in the third act sobers and balances the tragic crisis. Only, or largely, in the last act does the touch almost fail. Miss Kummer's invention fails. The play rocks when its people lean against it, as the heroine says of some undesirable man. The story lags. And the lines try to heroize themselves and to live up to the sweet needs of the moment. In so charming and sound a texture as Miss Kummer knows how to weave it is discouraging to find this falling off, this rising to the cheaper market demand; and it gives me for the moment a despairing sense of the theatre's being a silly and debasing place; though I know all the while that that is the dramatist's affair, as the drab traits of the body are the affair of the mind and spirit. If only, then, Miss Kummer would take Jane Austen for her model, not to write a play that would attempt to preserve Miss Austen's quality, but to follow to the end a genre, to keep the tone of the whole work authentic, unmuddled with lame theatrical invention, flexible and complete with its own essential character. This is asking Miss Kummer only to go on being herself throughout the entire play; a large order perhaps, but it is the one thing that we have the right to ask of any artist.

And for that matter the author could take a lesson from Mr. Sidney Blackmer, whose unfailingly convincing reality is far ahead of the lines he has to speak. There is a maid in Congreve who advises her mistress to repair the ravages of time by studying her miniature. "Once you sat for you picture, Madame," she says, "now your picture must sit for you." Why shouldn't Miss Kummer merely take her writingpad and sit there and watch Mr. Blackmer do those last two scenes, make herself sure of the exact meaning of his sincerity all through and then write something as true to the matter in hand as Mr. Blackmer is, his voice, his feeling, his instinct for the whole mood? That would remove at least one weak and stale device toward the very end of the play, which goes like this: the lover and the old man sit talking of the girl, wishing that she might come, feeling it, and so on, and in walks Del—Miss Coakley—apt to the moment, shy and sad and appealing. That is flat enough in all conscience; but when the actress goes us one better and shows us that plainly she has stopped at one of the very smartest shops on the mountain, thrown away what must have been her roughened and worn attire and her scarred shoes after so many miles of mountain roads, and replaced

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all with a charming gray dress, illustrating the use of pleats, and freshly pressed for mademoiselle, a chic white cape and high-heeled slippers, when this happens we know that the game is up and that from this on Mr. Blackmer's art will have to be like a beautiful piece of music that accompanies nonsense.

The story of The Mountain Man brings back to a Virginia estate the heir to it, Aaron Winterfield, who has lived in the mountains all his life. At the same time his young cousin is brought back from Paris where she has always lived, to marry him. The plans of the elders are very nearly spoiled, however, by Aaron's mountain country directness and the girl's Continental directness, for they tell each other everything. But in the end they fall in love and marry. And for that wedding scene, one may interrupt the story to observe, Mr. Robert Edmond Jones made a contribution as sure as Mr. Blackmer's is when he designed that drawing-room of the Winterfields', its walls painted in the old landscape convention, its velvets, its mahogany and rosewood; a place full of a certain gentle, rigid poetry; with its suggestion of rich, rather declamatory, solemn and half-abandoned standards of taste, and its beautiful old gravity, against a world of freedom in the mountains beyond the open window. On the wedding day Aaron finds his wife thinking of another man and impetuously he leaves her. Then the war, and three years gone by, and he comes again, made over now into the kind of man that Del had always known, but still himself too. And finally in the mountain cabin they come to an understanding and to peace in their hearts.

It is a Southern play, then, The Mountain Man. And its producers may easily claim that the atmosphere is more Southern in this production than is usually hit upon on Broadway. The whole performance indeed is above the average. Wellington, the family servant, named for a horse he says, will pass as Mr. Eddinger does him; Miss Kummer and Miss Marion Coakley are above the average young ladies on our stage; and Miss Reals and Miss Lucia Moore suggest, not only Southern county ladies, but ladies, a happy event in the theatre just now. Mr. George Fawcett as the old mountaineer is good, a little obviously a "character," perhaps, but good. Mr. Sidney Blackmer in his part is above reproach. He has sincerity and warmth, he is not afraid to feel and he has the poise to keep his effects in hand.

The character of the kind of man that Mr. Blackmer portrays, found in the mountains sometimes and often on Western plains, shows first of all a simplicity and stillness of manner. And this manner is not wholly unconscious of itself—which is the usual false idea of these men in the accounts we get of them—it is often in fact a perfectly well known natural resource, a recognized form of strength and defence, a way of holding on to a great sense of personal dignity. And with this outside that is so like nature itself in its aspect, goes tenderness, a gentleness that people usually want to call like a woman's. There is also a secure refinement. And more often than not there is a sense of humor, that, too, partly protective. This kind of man has his own way of knowing a fool when he sees one and of cutting under fools and shams in his own fashion. But what stands out after all is his combination of strength and tenderness; and the attraction of an organism that seems to feel life, to be sensitive to the thrust of living, and yet at the same time to command itself. Mr. Blackmer understands all this to the last degree.

Mr. Blackmer is the first case I have seen where the Southern temperament makes a distinct and really characteristic contribution to our stage. He is a Southerner and that means probably that he was brought up near windows full of sunlight and on open porches, in a family that kissed each other good-night and good-morning; that he had aged uncles about the house spouting Byron from time to time, and ageless aunts who had read Lalla Rookh; and that he was taught some sound loves and hates, to serve the ladies, to like dogs and horses, and to enjoy living for itself. And Mr. Blackmer is able to bring his more or less native characteristics straight into his acting: his voice, which is well placed in his throat, is rich, persuasive; his accent; his languid, strong body; his emotional fluidity and his animation.

I do not know, and nobody could guess, from this single performance whether or not Mr. Blackmer's endowment will be such as could make a vital forward step toward that idealistic or poetic theatre that seems to be in the air in Europe now and is dreamed of in this country by such men as Ben-Ami, Stuart Walker, Norman-Bel Geddes, Maurice Browne and Robert Edmond Jones; a theatre working toward less mere photography, more essential spirit, more abstraction and significant beauty, more rhythm and more large unity. How much Mr. Blackmer knows of the mind of modern art I cannot tell yet, or how much he is able to dream of the wider implications of the separate art of the theatre. One thing I do know that he will have to look out for, one place where eternal vigilance will have to be the price of his success, and that is that he does not become the idol of the sweet-loving audience, become, in a word, the property of such as flock round the isn't-he-just-the-dearest-thing! kind of artist. But there is something in Mr. Blackmer's work now that reassures me on that point; and makes me feel that his mind is ready to accept and convey the bite of reality with all its bitter and sweet, its irony, its darkness and hard fact, its labor, its obstinate illogic, and its courage.

And there is one thing toward this high quality in the theatre, the idealistic development that I have spoken of, which I am sure Mr. Blackmer has to give, and which his present playing already gives. And that is the quality of romance, to help bring back the romantic to the stage. Not the old-style romance of twenty years ago, with its adventuring Americans, its wild animals and silly queens coming aboard yachts in canvas slippers. Not the sentimental romance of uncles and nieces and lilac-time. But the conception of the romantic as something that has the courage of its own warmth and abundance. Romantic in the sense of life as a glowing and caustic and droll and mysterious adventure of the spirit.

STARK YOUNG.

Return

You who lay beauty upon beauty, how can I
Repay you?
A withering stream repays the rainy sky,
And mountains repay music, echoing.
Yet here is no mountain, here is no stream,
But one who is your mother, and your child, being your bride,
And who is the strange woman to whom you tell your dream.
And I know your dream, and the wound in your side
I shall never give you back all this beauty till I die.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

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Edwin Arlington Robinson

Collected Poems, by Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50.

IS it necessary to posit that there can be no individualism in art without symbolism? Realist, romanticist and mystic alike, they conceal and reveal themselves with the same basic substance. I like to think that all literature is an eternal Noh drama in which the creators advance upon the stage to drum-beats and flute-calls and the deliberate clang of bells, wearing upon their faces the self-carved masks which symbolize the passions and meditations to which they strive to give utterance. Upon each mask is graven the personality of the wearer, a personality that is exaggerated and emphasized in strange ways that the essential subject may be the better delivered. There are masks that have been terribly grooved and hollowed, masks stained with barbaric colors, and masks fashioned ambiguously fair by subtle and delicate strokes. All of them are twisted, either greatly or slightly, from the truth; there is not a naked face in all literature. "Literature," declared Remy de Gourmont, ". . . is nothing more than the artistic development of the idea, the symbolization of the idea." Accepting this statement, the publication of the Collected Poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson awakens the question, what is and has been his idea? What has been the permeating objective of this solitary figure's meditations, adhered to so closely since the publication of that tiny paper-covered pamphlet, The Torrent and The Night Before, privately printed in Gardiner, Maine, in 1896? Behind what masks has he set slow and inevitable feet upon the stage of American letters?

His entrance was made when the editors of The Yellow Book, The Savoy and their disciples were posturing to bizarre melodies behind bewildering visages, when that master of all masqueraders, Oscar Wilde, had but recently suffered the demolition of his cruelly-carven archaic mask, when American letters were dancing in the pleasurable aspects of Messrs. Stone and Kimball's Chicago Chap Book. It is strange to reflect that none of these things influenced Robinson. "Twenty-five years ago," he said to me once, "I was a radical." He passed those days in the barn at home hammering out the sonnets that went into his first booklet. Certain friends at Harvard knew of him and awaited the revelation. They have waited for a quarter of a century only to realize that the revelation was before their eyes all the time. It was not to be a sudden pillar of fire; it was the deliberate gesture of granite.

It is a difficult and dangerous undertaking to attempt to lay bare the essential node of Robinson's personality. He is a fatalist and at the same time, I am sure, a Christian. He is an optimist and he is a pessimist. He is a tragedian and he is a humorist. He is a conservative and he is a radical. Two things may assuredly be affirmed: he is an individualist and he is never unhealthy. In certain objective ways the mark of New England is upon him; but in vaster, more intricate subjective ways he is simply Anglo-Saxon of no particular section. He undoubtedly lacks Latin fire and when he is passionate it is with a cerebral consciousness of the devouring flame. Even in his early work meditation practically extinguished emotionalism. Still, there *are* passages in his work, notably in Lancelot, where emotion bursts forth into an undeniable flower of flame. One can do no more than indicate the essential traits of such a profound and complex personality. And the easiest way to do this is to observe the masks through whose carved lips Robinson has delivered his comments on life.

These masks are easily distinguishable. They are the Tilbury figures, the historical portraits and such personal conclusions as The Man Against the Sky and The Valley of the Shadow. Reading the poet's entire work again in the Collected Poems the major fact that stands out is that Robinson has almost wholly delivered himself through characterizations. The pageant of figures is enormous, beginning with Luke Havergal and John Evereldown, coming down through even Shakespeare and St. Paul, until an end is reached with Rembrandt. Rembrandt! What better ending could have been made? As the Flemish master was a genius of portraiture, faces in a "golden shadow," so is Robinson a genius in the meticulous presentation and analyses of figures. Like Rembrandt he works in unflaring colors, in golden browns and blacks with sudden illuminating spots of light that leave the backgrounds in shadowy mystery. I have seen Robinson sitting in a darkening room with the last colors of day on his face and the thought has come to me that Rembrandt would have rejoiced in painting the calm, rather tired features. The personality of the man is the personality of his work. His is the sincerity of life-long convictions.

The Tilbury figures made their appearance in Robinson's first book and he has added to the gallery in practically every volume of his short pieces that has been issued since. He has declared that Tilbury Town is no place in particular but we may guess that it is all places in general, Camelot as well as the Town Down the River. It is the mind of the poet. Into it venture the flotsam and jetsam of life, bedraggled figures, characters out-at-elbows ("unhappy night-birds" have always appealed to Robinson), "thwarted clerks and fiddlers," and majesty hiding a troubled, broken spirit. All of these people, sad, mad, feverish, posing, defeated, sum up for Robinson the total of life on this earth. He stands slightly apart from them, viewing their futile gestures with a certain unperturbed gravity. An affectionate irony mingles with his undoubted sympathy at times. This is existence as he sees it and it is from the struggling atmosphere the Tilbury figures exude that so many readers set Robinson down as a pessimist. Even the apparently successful personages, Richard Corey, "who glittered when he walked," and the man Flammonde, not a New Englander but "from God knows where," cannot circumvent destiny. They are in the grasp of unknown powers and make a brave show for a moment only to be engulfed. Robinson makes no attempt to disguise the cruelty of life; he perceives it all but he does not despair. In fortitude there is strength and in living life fully and without cowardice there is satisfaction. These figures are the victims of human passions, of delusions. They are all victims, of fear, of envy, of life, of fame, of love. There is Flammonde who can straighten out the lives of others but not his own; John Evereldown who is crazed about women; that extraordinary old loafer and philosopher, Captain Craig, who talks so engagingly about life but cannot bend it to his purpose; Isaac and Archibald watching each other grow old and waiting eagerly for a sign of decay in the other; old Eben Flood lifting the jug to his lips, "like Roland's ghost winding an ancient horn," and toasting himself in the moonlight. Two men go into Shannon's and hear a tune, each coming away with his own memories alone. They are all ghosts, the phantasms of Robinson's speculations about life, the masks that he slips

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over his face and which are lighted by the grave glow of the spirit behind. They betray a sympathy for the submerged, a curiosity about defeated dreamers. Life's hardness is acknowledged but it is faced with an almost oriental imperturbability. There is no suggestion of a bent knee or a bowing of the head. No least hint is to be discovered of the vociferous Henley spirit; Robinson is too sure of his convictions to shout loudly. His is the equanimity of one who understands transiencies and eternal verities. In a sonnet to Monadnock Mountain he writes

> And when the last of us, if we know how,
> See farther from ourselves than we do now,
> Assured with other sight than heretofore
> That we have done our mortal best and worst,—
> Your calm will be the same as when the first
> Assyrians went howling south to war.

It is a fatalistic peace but it is the peace of one who has played

> In Art's long hazard, where no man may choose
> Whether he play to win or toil to lose.

It is unnecessary to place these Tilbury figures. A few, Uncle Ananias, Isaac and Archibald, fit into New England but for the most part they are indistinguishable as sectional types. Robinson is absorbed in the spirit itself and not in the exterior trappings that environment has swathed them in. He knows New England and the life of New England but it has not touched him.

It was his great interest in the specific spirits of men that took him to such historical figures as Shakespeare, John Brown, Lincoln, Aaron Burr, Alexander Hamilton, Napoleon and Rembrandt. And it was a more general absorption of the soul that took him to St. Paul and Lazarus. From his meditations on life and the universality of traits sprang his Merlin, Vivien, Lancelot and Guenevere. His most recent endeavors have been in putting individualities in contact as in Avon's Harvest, for instance. The succession of themes, certainly unconscious on Robinson's part, is yet illuminating. First, the creation of imaginary figures, then the revitalizing of historical personages from the data and atmospheres they have left behind them, then the original representation of legendary figures who stand for certain spiritual manifestations, and, finally, the creation of groups of imaginary figures in juxtaposition, acting out life. From the very first the dramatic instinct has been strong in Robinson; together with the analytic study of character goes the drama of personalities in contact.

In turning to the historical figures we are met immediately by Shakespeare. Ben Jonson Entertains a Man From Stratford is a poem in which the art of Robinson may be studied at its finest blooming. This human being, Shakespeare, torn between immortal dreams and his desire for the House at Stratford, lives and breathes as he is outlined through the gruff kindliness of Ben Jonson's monologue. He is a mortal man, somewhat a fatalist, who can ruminate about life in this fashion:

> "Your fly will serve as well as anybody,
> And what's his hour? He flies, and flies, and flies,
> And in his fly's mind has a brave appearance;
> And then your spider gets him in her net,
> And eats him out, and hangs him up to dry.
> That's Nature, the kind mother of us all.
> And then your slattern house-maid swings her broom,
> And where's your spider? And that's Nature, also.
> It's Nature, and it's Nothing. It's all Nothing.
> It's all a world where bugs and emperors
> Go singularly back to the same dust,
> Each in his time; and the old, ordered stars
> That sang together, Ben, will sing the same
> Old stave tomorrow."

Yet in spite of this vein Ben Jonson declares of him:

> Today the clouds are with him, but anon
> He'll out of 'em enough to shake the tree
> Of life itself and bring down fruit unheard-of,—
> And, throwing in the bruised and whole together,
> Prepare a wine to make us drunk with wonder;
> And if he live, there'll be a sunset spell
> Thrown over him as over a glassed lake
> That yesterday was all a black wild water.

Surely no better portrait has ever been painted of "this mad, careful, proud, indifferent Shakespeare."

The same care for technical detail and close analysis is to be found in the other historical figures and particularly to be noted are Lincoln, Rembrandt, and On the Way, the last a dialogue between Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton. In all these poems is to be found that individual utterance that is so peculiarly a part of Robinson's method. The power of compression, of saying the right thing with finality and no more, of striking out memorable phrases that haunt the reader, all these things combine to make this man's work unique. Other poets have been meticulous but not in the same way.

When Robinson turned to the Arthurian legends there was a sceptical outcry. The idea that these themes had been embalmed for all time in Tennysonian treacle persisted and many readers failed to see that Robinson had an intensely modern purpose. Those readers should go back and read these poems again. Merlin contains a picture of a falling world, of an old order breaking down and giving place to a new; and this was just what Robinson saw in contemporary life about him. There is a symbolism in Merlin that should be plain by now. Lancelot is more of a story and may be read as such although it, too, contains a certain symbolic significance. In reading through these poems again it is astonishing how Merlin stands out as a work of beauty. Its pages are starred with such passages as this:

> He bowed his head
> And kissed the ten small fingers he was holding,
> As calmly as if each had been a son;
> Although his heart was leaping and his eyes
> Had sight for nothing save a swimming crimson
> Between two glimmering arms. "More like a flower
> Tonight," he said, as now he scanned again
> The immemorial meaning of her face
> And drew it nearer to his eyes. It seemed
> A flower of wonder with a crimson stem
> Came leaning slowly and regretfully.
> To meet his will—a flower of change and peril
> That had a clinging blossom of warm olive
> Half stifled with a tyranny of black,
> And held the wayward fragrance of a rose
> Made woman by delirious alchemy.
> She raised her face and yoked his willing neck
> With half her weight; and with hot lips that left
> The world with only one philosophy
> For Merlin or for Anaxagoras,
> Called his to meet them and in one long hush
> Of capture to surrender and make hers

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The last of anything that might remain
Of what was now their beardless wizardry.
Then slowly she began to push herself
Away, and slowly Merlin let her go
As far from him as his outstretching hands
Could hold her fingers while his eyes had all
The beauty of the woodland and the world
Before him in the firelight, like a nymph
Of cities, or a queen a little weary
Of inland stillness and immortal trees.

It would be simple to go on and pluck passages from Lancelot but it is unnecessary. So, too, is it unnecessary to discuss that tragic tale, Avon's Harvest, which Robinson has dubbed his "dime novel." It *is* that—a glorified dime-novel, just as Macbeth is a glorified melodrama. Then there is the group of sonnets, representing Robinson's ripest work, which are to be found near the end of this book. But all these things merely make plainer what the poet has already made plain. They are additions to a bulk of work that long ago reached maturity. What *can* be said could be said half a decade ago.

The Collected Poems is an emphatic gesture at Time. It offers in its five hundred and ninety pages the best of modern American poetry, a wealth of unique and individual matter that will slowly and surely penetrate the consciousness of the American poetry-reading public. It answers the question, What has been Robinson's idea? I should say, He tried to map the labyrinth of the heart. And after the years of writing his conclusion, fatalistic enough, is

That earth has not a school where we may go
For wisdom, or for more than we may know.

HERBERT S. GORMAN.

The Manhood of Humanity

Manhood of Humanity; the Science and Art of Human Engineering, by Alfred Korzybski. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.00.

THERE is something indescribably charming about the buoyancy of youth, its iconoclastic ardor, the ingenuousness of joy with which it rediscovers very old truths. But when this intolerance and lack of sophistication are displayed in the maturity of manhood they no longer lure but repel, and that is the experience one gets in reading Mr. Korzybski's revelations of arcana which, he again and again assures us, have never before been disclosed to mortal vision. His message, stripped of a spurious mathematical disguise, reduces itself to the proposition that mankind possesses a culture, transmits a social heritage not shared by other living organisms! Plants, Mr. Korzybski tells us, transform solar energy into chemical energy—they are chemistry-binding; animals have the power of moving about—they are space-binders; man possesses in addition "the capacity to summarize, digest, and appropriate the labors and experiences of the past"—he is a time-binder, "the heritor of the bygone ages and the trustee of posterity" (pp. 58-59). The author tries to make us believe and apparently himself believes that this conception of humanity is novel, and ascribes the woful backwardness of modern civilization to ignorance of this fundamental truth.

Ridiculous as is the claim to originality for one of the commonplaces of sociology and anthropology, it is less absurd than the assertion that the author has established his thesis by mathematical demonstration (p. 67). Mathematics as an abstract and formal science is of course quite incapable of proving anything whatsoever about the sensible characteristics of humanity, however useful it may be in giving precision to a biological or psychological statement. The toying with conceptions like geometrical and arithmetical progression, dimensionality, and the like does not constitute proof. *If* technological advancement proceeds in a geometrical progression and jurisprudence or sociology in arithmetical progression, the latter is bound to halt after the former; but who has ever measured these imponderables? That there is a "lag" is undoubtedly true and incidentally has not escaped the attention of such sociologists as Professor William F. Ogburn, but nothing warrants a mathematical presentation except by way of analogy. In discussing the differences between man and lower organisms in terms of dimensionality the author himself cautions us that his diagram serves the purpose of a figure of speech (p. 61). But what then becomes of the vaunted mathematical rigor?

Yet these are mere peccadilloes as compared with the delusion that a proposition need only be logically established to shake to its foundations a social polity that has existed for ages. Nothing is more reassuring as to the actual achievement in outlook by the social sciences so cavalierly brushed aside by Mr. Korzybski than that probably not a single one of their representatives would nowadays indulge in such threadbare intellectualistic psychologizing. As if men were never swayed by passion or interest and merely required the light of Reason to walk in her straight and narrow path! Instead of being aeons in advance of his age, Mr. Korzybski is a century behind the times. In fact, for utter fatuity it would be difficult to surpass or rival his picture of the great change (pp. 200-203). Ignorant and grafting politicians will be ousted and supplanted by honest specialists in human engineering. How? one asks. Mr. Korzybski is not dismayed: without violence, through a period of adjustment. Have not all of us noted the readiness with which corrupt bosses yield their power to silk-stocking reformers? The first step will be to create a central Department of Cooperation, subdivided into various sections of experts, all of them elected for proved merit, not for clever oratory. "Every selection should be a demonstration that the person selected is a person of the highest attainments in the field of his work." And who will do the selecting? On that subject Mr. Korzybski maintains a discreet silence. For the creator of the science and art of human engineering does not lightly stoop to consider the workings of human behavior in the flesh.

ROBERT H. LOWIE.

Deadlock

Deadlock, by Dorothy M. Richardson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THERE is intense excitement in reading this novel, a bewildered speed that is blocked and deviated like running a race in the dark, the obscurity is so crowded and dangerously intelligent, the patches of light—like open doors—so vivid that they dazzle the sense of distance, there are sudden bumps into objects that seemed far away, steps down into nothingness, accidental touch of cool beau-

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tifully carved surfaces, a helpless fumbling in the air for an elusive something, a clue, that seemed within easy reach,—but somehow, breathlessly, the race is won and you find that you have collected amazing treasures on the way—treasures that are fragmentary and detached but with a curious articulated rhythm like a chain of beads looped and twisted between nervous fingers, with gaps where the beads have been pushed apart, and then a cascading richness when they are allowed to slide down the string together in sharp scintillations of cut crystal, the smooth inscrutability of jade and cloudy amber, and the dull luster of metals deliberately oxidized.

It is, like the four volumes of the Pilgrimage Series, another instalment of the life of Miriam Henderson, or rather of the mind of Dorothy Richardson, for it is as self-revealing as the work of George Moore, but with the difference of an honesty that compels an answering sincerity from you, that strips you bare and then cuts down inside; the sharp quick slashes really show you to yourself, a trifle anatomically perhaps, the network of nerves and muscles unerringly exposed, the arteries neatly pinched by clamps—there is no blood—it is all rigidly unemotional but with the tensity of an operation. Everything that happens to anyone is carefully skipped or barely hinted at, you only get the after effects, a consistent technique that is immensely interesting. The clear directness of the early volumes, a style exactly expressing the promising angularity of the very young Miriam Henderson, has become involuted into a style as intricate as the woman is complex with her life reconstructed after the shock which we infer at the end of The Tunnel. Some of the sentences are like English translations of a German version of Henry James in his late period. The whole world is seized by tentacles of observation, of sense appreciation, clutched and sucked in, intellectualized with the hard gusto of the self-protective egoist.

At first the young Russian Jew who comes to the boarding-house is only another, a more foreign mind, to be used as tinder to kindle sparks of interest in Miriam, but he is so warm and appealing that there is the inevitable softening of sympathy and we have the shock of knowing that Miriam is in love. In the lonely maternal way that is inevitable for her she glows with love and we are actually allowed to see the incandescence. It is difficult to tell whether the "deadlock" comes from his being a Jew, or from the difficulty of marriage for an intense individualist, "But alone again with him, the troubled darkness behind her would return with its maddening influence. She was fleeing from it towards its darkest centre." Those are the words with which the books ends!

Philosophy and criticism stream in and out as they do through the mind of an experimental thinker, brilliantly suggestive, inconclusive. Miriam's mind is elastic, not pliable, it cannot be bent and woven into a pattern, it bounces like a rubber ball, apparently haphazard in its striking and flying off from idea to idea, but logical, in the direct feminine way, for it is always the quality of the surface she hits that determines the angle of the bounce.

There is immense sincerity in the misuse of adjectives in their dictionary meanings, a free association use of them for their expressiveness, which is vividly modern and exhilarating. The nouns and adjectives seem so delightedly surprised at their unexpected encounters, so satisfied and human about it, as if they had been longing for years to meet. The connection is a trifle brittle at times but on the whole exact, inevitable, "his singing lifted eyebrows," "the determined asphalt of the path."

There is unmistakable genius in the fidelity of observation, and the statement is as direct and subtle in its feeling for relative values as the interior of a room painted by Vermeer. What is very rare with such fidelity, an illumination of the inner meaning of places and things. London, the London of the lonely person, the companionship of the spirit of the place, is revealed with a queer detached poignancy which solaces, but leaves the city still immense, apart, brooding. One of the most remarkable descriptions is of the cloak room of the British Museum!

The technical difficulties of moving the human body from place to place are sublimely ignored, even change of scene must be inferred, a reshift of characters assumed. Through a wild mental confusion that assails one at first, like the changes in a dream, persons metamorphose, they don't get there, they merely are there and go on talking without any explanation or beginning; it is entirely the reader's business to find out why and who they are, and he does find out after a stumble or two. They are often quite irrelevant characters—from the point of view of the conventional novel—indicated through their effect upon Miriam, the book stays always inside her personality. "Miriam unwillingly searched her curious effect of making in the atmosphere about her a cold, delicate, blue and white glare.—There was something faintly horrible about the narrowness of her escape from dowdiness to distinction." It is a dream technique with the same apparent irrelevance masking a profound significance, revealing at the end, in words tossed with a flash, hitting quivering like the blades of a knife thrower, making a gleaming frame, defining the outlines of a nervously smiling face backed against the wall, Dorothy Richardson's face,—which may be extraordinarily like your own.

It is an experience rather than a book.

UNA HUNT.

Silhouettes Crépusculaires

Silhouettes Crépusculaires, par Carola Ernst. Brussels: Lambertin.

MISS ERNST, a Belgian woman, after stubborn effort, secures authorization from the German authorities to conduct a blinded French officer from Charleroi to his home in Normandy. Her route leads her through Germany, Switzerland, France, and back through England, Holland and Belgium. The journey takes place during the first months of the war. The story, rich in varied glimpses of six countries in the first frenzy of war, remained in Brussels in manuscript form for five years.

Here is another account of the observations of one who lived on the outskirts of the Great War. We have had so many that we have grown tired of them; but this one is unusual. It is unusual, almost unique, for the reason that the author has given evidence of real impartiality and of a genuine respect for the truth, qualities which can hardly be said to dominate in the case of the eye-witnesses who have hitherto given us their impressions of Europe in war-time. The Germans are not spared where signs of their ruthlessness come to the notice of the loyal Belgian woman, but the impression left by the book is that the horrors they committed were the work of relatively few,

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a verdict that will doubtless prove to be that of history. That there were kindly and courteous officers in the German army as well as brutes; that some German people preferred to succor a blind French officer rather than rend him; that the Germans honestly believed, and will continue to believe, in the justice of their cause and in the virtue of their soldiers, Miss Ernst's book amply proves.

"After the war," a truculent gentleman of Frankfort, who has been proving that English cupidity caused the war, says to her, "after we are victorious, the truth will infallibly be known."

"After the war," she answers, "after the war, there will be a German truth, a French truth, and an English truth, just as there is today." BARRY CERF.

Selected Current Books

Short History of the Irish People, by Hayden and Moonan. Longmans. $7.00.
A scholarly and exhaustive work designed for University students.

The House of Commons and Monarchy, by Hilaire Belloc. Harcourt.
Mr. Belloc analyzes and describes the functions of the House of Commons and the reasons why it has ceased to perform its functions.

The Tragic Sense of Life, by Miguel de Unamuno. Macmillan. 17/.
A basic philosophy translated by J. E. Crawford Flitch.

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Hugo Stinnes, by Hermann Brinckmeyer. Huebsch. $.50.
A biography translated from the German by Alfred B. Kuttner.

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